

Historical Society of Palm Desert

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2-82



MARK YOUR CALENDAR. . . . NOW!!!

Our Annual Dinner will be held Tuesday, March 16th at the Palm Desert Resort Country Club, on Country Club Drive, about 3/4 Mile west of Washington. Cocktails 6 to 6:30; dinner at 6:30 p.m. \$15 per person incl. tax and tip. Reservations, please.

This will be your only invitation. Make your reservation by completing the enclosed and returning with your check. A program is being arranged which will combine the slide/tape show from the exhibit and guest speakers; also a few surprises.

DUES will be due again April 1, 1982. If you have not already paid for the 82-83 year, you may wish to complete that portion of the enclosure which pertains to membership dues and remitting you check now in order that your name will be included in the forthcoming revised directory. Only paid-up members will be included.



Your Historical Society of Palm Desert is presently working on many programs which we feel would be of interest to all members of the Society. Activities, whether special or routine, have up to now been tackled happily by your officers of the Commission, and volunteers who have given of their time and talent. As our Society grows, so do the daily challenges. Thus, we are now asking those members who are interested and who have any available time, to look over the following list of Committees and what they entail, and, on a volunteer basis of one to two hours at a time, offer their services.

- COMMITTEES: Program. Special events, Historical exhibit, Slide and tape show, (Anne Carpenter) Presentations to honored persons, Open house at Historic (Chairman) sites, Community service activity.
- Publicity Coverage of special events and activities, News releases, (Pat Anderson) Calendar of events, News letters, typing and layout of (Chairman) photos, printings and mailings.
- Historic Preservation. . . Resources survey: Locate, mark, plaque buildings (Rheo Lawman, Chmn) or sites, historical tour.
- Education. . . . Aid in developing themes of Local History working with exhibit and slide/tape show; Communicate with schools/college/library/museum. Provide information to public thru (Evelyn Young) lectures, films, symposiums, workshops, exhibits, open (Chairman) house, etc.
- Membership Maintain files and membership cards; compile roster and (Jeannette) master file; send applications and receive dues; solicit (Yoxsimer, Chmn) new members.
- Finance Explore all sources of financing; i.e., private, governmental, grants, fund-raising, etc. Solicit financial (Ed Mullins) support for the Society. (Chairman)
- Collections. . . . Cataloging, indexing, arranging, and maintaining for preservation all items collected by the Society.
- Telephone. . . . Telephoning members and friends as required, or upon (Florence Hafer) the request of the Commission.) (Chairman)

Our plan is the future is to feature a pioneer taped by the historian, Mrs. Pat Young, for her Oral History Project. The following are excerpts from the tape made with Mrs. Nina Paul Shumway.

The conversation begins where Mrs. Shumway is considering the exchange of an initially selected lot. She is dealing with Edith Eddy Ward at this time.

Having already become a stockholder in Desert Magazine, I was one of the official hostesses at its opening, October 16-17, 1948. There I met a Mr. Bolt from Redlands, a builder who said he specialized in adobe construction. As I hoped someday to be able to build a little adobe house for my winter home on the desert, I began asking him about building costs. He told me that because the war made materials somewhat restricted, costs remained high, which dashed my hopes for the present.

Sort of carried away by the prevailing enthusiasm at the opening of the Palm Desert tract, I had bought as an investment, an expensive lot in Unit 1, near the Shadow Mountain Club. This, of course, was silly, but I didn't know any better than to put myself in competition with the Developers. A year having passed with no offers on my lot, I told Carl Henderson that I wished I had bought across the highway in Palm Village where I might have been able to build. He suggested that I ask his brother Cliff to exchange my lot in Unit 1 for two lots in Unit 4 where both prices and building restrictions were only about half of those in the Club area.

In spite of my doubt that Cliff would do any such thing, I acted on Carl's suggestion. To my extreme surprise, he consented, and told me that Miss Ward would show me the two lots he had in mind if I would build and occupy my house promptly.

Tremendously excited, I was on hand at her office in record time. Following her in my station wagon along the empty streets, we passed a little adobe house just before she put out her hand for a turn. On that corner was a green building with an Apartment sign in front, then there was a small group of workmen laying out what looked like the beginning of a small house. We stopped in front of the next two lots, marked 10 and 9. And my heart gave a big jump. I could hardly believe my eyes. While on #10 there was only desert brush, on #9 were three smoketrees, one of them the largest and most beautiful I had ever seen. We got out, at least I did. Miss Ward's gesture told me this was It.

There was nothing in Unit 1 to compare with this in my estimation. I could sweep my eyes around the horizon and see the two great snow peaks guarding The Pass; following the ridges southward was my mountain, the 640 acres of granite Steve and I had homesteaded, right where I could keep it always in view. Miss Ward left after telling me to let her know my decision the first thing in the morning. I could have told her right then if I hadn't been so dumbstruck.

When she was gone I stood there, gloating. A man detached himself from the group laying out the little house, and came across Lot 10. When he got close enough I saw with amazement that it was Mr. Bolt. Recognition was mutual and he explained that he was just finishing the little adobe we had passed on the way over and was starting another. On an irrepressible impulse, I asked what it would cost to build me a little adobe house like the one he was finishing. After a moment's thought, he said that if I could build at once and pay cash as we went along, he could do it for as little as six thousand dollars.

Now I had in my savings account at the old Coachella Bank, just a trifle over six thousand dollars, and I knew a miracle when I saw it. I cast away all fear and doubt and told him to make out the contract.

Then I went home to my temporary winter quarters at the Woodhouse Ranch, so happy and contented with everything and everybody that the whole world seemed a seventh heaven.